

Posted by u/meoka2368 5 months ago 🗨️ 2 💬 3 🐾

They cook their food.

OC OC

A blip showed up on the screen, indicating a ship was moving in FTL.

"Odd. There has been no ships dispatched to that system recently. Hey, Xtril. Can you confirm these readings?" Korv looked to the other science officer, who tapped a few buttons on his controls and nodded back. "Okay. I'll let the captain know."

Reaching the captains room, Korv saluted and approached the desk. "FTL detected in system zq472, but we have no records of any ships dispatched to that area. Reading were confirmed."

The captain stood up from his desk and held out his hand for the pad Korv brought with him. Reading it over, nodding to himself, he replied "Yes. It would seem that they have developed FTL travel on their own. These signals are not standard for any known race. Bring up the cultural database."

With a couple of button taps, the room was soon filled with images of humans and human technology on every wall, information flowing and flickering from one topic to another.

"Hmm. Warm blooded. Community minded, for the most part. Jaw structure indicates raw plant and meat diet..."

"No sir. For the most part, they cook their food."

"But they have such a robust jaw. That's only seen in species that require a lot of chewing. Raw tough food, usually. Cooking would soften it too much." The captain was slightly confused.

"I know, sir. But our research teams indicate that they actually do cook their food, and have for thousands of years." Korv attempted to correct his commanding officer.

"Then why do they have such a robust jaw?"

"From the studies that were conducted, it appears that they evolved that way as a defense against being struck in the face."

"Do they have a predator or prey that strikes that hard?"

"Again, no. It's believed that it is other humans that strike them with a closed hand. Bring up the forearm and hand medical information. See how the bones of the hand align themselves with those of the arm, forming a long line through which to apply force?"

The captain still looked bewildered. "The species evolved to both strike others of their kind in their most important organ structure, using the most fragile part of their body, and now they've somehow managed to create FTL travel? How long has it been since they stopped striking each other in the face with their hands?"

"Uhh. They haven't stopped. It's still common practice, both as sport and combat."

"Hmm. I see." the captain pondered the situation for a minute. "Note your findings and send the information on to the High Command. Let them send a diplomatic ship. I'm not going to be the one who first greets them. I like my cranium un-struck."